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In Memoriam.

Garrett A. Frohman.

Address of Martin H.

Glynn, in the House of
Representatives, June, 1906





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Martin H. Glynn 1890
G. A. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

GARRET A. HOBART,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ADDRESS

OF

HON. MARTIN H. GLYNN,
OF NEW YORK,

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1900.

WASHINGTON.

1900.



ADDRESS
OF
HON. MARTIN H. GLYNN.

The House having under consideration the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the House has received with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of GARRET A. HOBART, late Vice-President of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That the business of the House be suspended in order that the public services and private virtues of the deceased may be appropriately commemorated.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the House be directed to communicate these resolutions to the Senate."

Mr. GLYNN said:

Mr. SPEAKER: In behalf of a number of my fellow-Democratic Congressmen from New York State, I lay a laurel wreath at the door of the tomb of GARRET A. HOBART. My words but echo their thoughts; their thoughts but reflect the feelings of their hearts; their heart-feelings but mirror forth the opinions and beliefs of the American people. Mine was not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the distinguished statesman whose memory we revere to-day. Had it been, I would feel myself better qualified to speak the eulogy which I am about to utter, but public men live in their works as authors live in their books and as artists abide in their pictures—there to be the subject forever of discussion at the pens of writers, the tongues of speakers, and the minds of critics. No one living to-day had a personal acquaintance with Jefferson, Shakespeare, or Michael Angelo, yet who living to-day in this broad land can be said to be unacquainted with Angelo, Shakespeare, and Jefferson, who live, though dead? In the analogy of this thought lies my reason for uttering the following sentiments of respect, shared in common by my Democratic conferees.

To voice a proper description of GARRET A. HOBART would be to delineate the last four years of the political history of the United States, to epitomize the political incidents of the State of New Jersey for a decade at least, and to narrate many chapters in the commercial annals of the upbuilding of American commerce and the fostering of American manufacturing. However much one may differ with the political principles advocated by the late Vice-President, he must confess that in the workings of his own personal career, in the undertakings of his legal profession, and in the consummation of his business plans, GARRET A. HOBART was a constructor and not a destroyer. Most men die without creating; few die without destroying. He has lived well upon the tombstone of whose grave can be carved the verity, "Herein lieth a man who was a creator and not a destroyer." In his tribute President McKinley paid as grand a eulogy to the memory of GARRET A. HOBART as man could utter when in his last message to Congress he said:

His private life was pure and elevated, while his public career was ever distinguished by large capacity, stainless integrity, and exalted motives. He

has been removed from the high office which he honored and dignified, but his lofty character, his devotion to duty, his honesty of purpose, and noble virtues remain with us as a priceless legacy and example.

In the life of GARRET A. HOBART can be found the lesson that inspiration comes of working every day. He, as much as any other man of his time, has given proof that genius is encompassed in the ability of doing a hard day's work and doing it on every working day in the year. He did all things well because he did all things intensely. He had learned that in things where the heart is not, the hand is never powerful. From his life we learn that greatness flows not from chance, nor from a mere happy combination of events, but simply from the magic of unwavering determination, clear apprehension, and ceaseless toil. GARRET A. HOBART became a great man because he possessed these qualifications and because they enabled him to fill great occasions. He had the abilities, the confidence, and the stamina to meet momentous occasions, and therefore such occasions marked him and called him to be what the successes of his abilities, confidence, and stamina would make him. Jackson, Lincoln, Clay, Blaine, and Tilden all drew their greatness from this same fountain head; aye, more, all the great master spirits, all the founders and lawgivers of empires, all the defenders of the rights of men, all the upbuilders of the greatness of a nation, are made by these same laws.

It is fitting that we should pause in the rushings of our work-a-day world to pay tribute to a man who, by the sheer force of ability, carved his way from "a man with the hoe" to be the occupant of the seat of the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Only from the facts of a life like this is composed substantial thought. All other thought is mere speculation, mathematical philosophy, a puncture by the rapier of probability into the clouds of guess-land. It is well that we should pause and reflect upon the incidents of such a life, because, when events daily increase in the growing magnitude of a nation like ours, history becomes a dwarf and passes into biography and there is need in the rapidity of national advancement for the microscope to be placed on every honored son of the Government, so that he may be seen in his true grandeur and taken at his true worth. To the student the life of GARRET A. HOBART must drive home the fact that glory is only a furrow in the dust, but at the same time it can not help teaching that it is worth while to stamp that dust under foot, so as thereon to leave an impression by which the world and posterity may know that we have once journeyed along the road of life.

Some one has said that death transforms an opponent into a friend. In a political sense this can not be said to apply to the man whose loss we mourn to-day. Even his hardest political opponents never allowed the smoke of the fiercest political battles to blind their vision as to the sterling worth of HOBART. They recognized that in politics, as in war, the greatest men are those who never capitulate. They realized that while men of different political faiths differ as to everything on earth, they may some day be united in what is larger than everything mundane, in what embraces the sum total of life and thought—the arms of Providence. History teaches us that as great men see the right more rightly than small or mediocre minds, so they see the false more falsely. The knowledge of this fact brings to opponents in politics a brotherhood and a manliness that almost deify differences of opinion and sweeten the acrimonies of opposition.

From a farmer's son GARRET A. HOBART worked his way through college and made himself a legal light of his State and a power in the politics of the nation. His ascendancy was like the atoms of the soiling charcoal that we little value, becoming by wise combinations and gradual arrangements the resplendent diamond which every eye admires. Grandly, indeed, in all the workings of his life did this son of the masses attest the fact that from the pure, untainted blood of the common people come the rulers of the world. Grandly did he perform his business functions for his associates, his official functions for his country, and accomplish projects which scores of mediocre minds could never accomplish. The people of his native State loved him, his business associates loved him, his opponents respected him, and men are not wont to cherish so deeply that which is not deserving of their love and admiration. According to Edmund Burke—

Reproach is concomitant with greatness; envy grows in a direct proportion with fame, and censure is the tax that every man must pay the public for being eminent.

In the main these assertions are true, but in the history of GARRET A. HOBART is found the exception which proves the rule of their truthfulness. Throughout all his undertakings Mr. HOBART exercised an indomitable will to acquire and retain success. He found no joys in the intrigues of the wanton courtier; his heart was not wedded to the revels of pleasure; his soul always took flight beyond the ticklings of sense. With him one great goal was always in view and the desire to reach it was father of all his efforts. Such ambition has served the world in good stead. It has worked like the desire of the philosopher's stone on the chemists of old. The object of their search was truly a chimera, nevertheless it was productive of a real good in the shape of modern chemistry. In like manner civilization owes inestimable advantages to such ambition as HOBART'S, though the honor which is the object of its quest may prove a will-o'-the-wisp. It was the spur that goaded HOBART on from business triumph to business triumph, from office to office, only in the end to find himself Vice-President and this country the richer for his ambition. It is the motive power that has ever kept the wheel of progress in motion and prevented the world from loitering on the path to advancement. Far be it from my intention to canonize Mr. HOBART. In his career he must have made some mistakes—else he would not have been a man—but that man is the greatest who makes the fewest, and HOBART'S missteps are far outweighed by his many noble deeds and kind offices. In fact, to whatever shortcomings may have been his we can apply the words of the poet:

Motes in the sunshine, foam-bells on the ocean,
Cloud shadows flitting o'er the mountain's breast—
His faults but marked the mighty play, the motion
Of a grand nature in its grand unrest.

To say that GARRET A. HOBART was an eloquent man would be to do injustice to the great men who have attained eminence by the arts of Demosthenes and the attributes of Cicero, and at the same time to make that assertion would be to cast a shadow of disrespect upon that grand instrument by which Mr. HOBART achieved distinction, that most potential of instruments within the grasp of man—personal influence. Those who carefully note the comparative value of lives in a community soon learn that the

element which counts for most is that subtle thing called personal influence. In it there is something more potent than money or speech, a mystic force which flows out from it and magnetizes all that come within its range. It is to the successful man what fragrance is to the flower, what light is to the lamp. It is part and parcel of his personality; yet it reaches outside and beyond himself. That GARRET A. HOBART was endowed with this magnetic power in a remarkable degree is evinced from the facts stated in this House to-day by the gentleman who knew him well and knew him long. The value of this personal influence was greatly augmented by a great human sympathy and a massive manly sense, communicating to his associates and allies new life and energy, touching and unsealing in their breasts the springs of resolution and self-help, and flooding them with soul-cheer.

In life there is nothing except what we put in it. In the fifty-three years of his life GARRET A. HOBART crowded so much work, so many successes, so numerous duties as to merit from the American people that most eloquent tribute paid to Goethe by the Emperor of Germany when he met him and exclaimed: "You are a man." Michelet has gone into raptures over the force of that compliment paid to the great German poet, and the American people may well be pleased that there died in harness as the second highest official in the land a man who could well be called "a man." From his generosity we know that he appreciated the fact that flowers fade without dew and light. From his amiable personality we are sure that he realized the imperishable truths that charity and love are the dew and light of the human heart. He was not of the pessimistic mind, which holds that while nations ascend in civilization, governments descend in administration. He was not of those who are constantly living in the dusk of the past, but rather one of those who by the light of the past purpose to see to it that the administration of governments keeps step with the civilization of nations. From the fate of Lot's wife being turned into a statue of salt for turning back, he had garnered the determination to press ever onward in accordance with the thought that he only lives who acts in the present and thinks of the future.

Despite the millions and millions of people on earth, the world knows only two kinds of minds—minds that are metaphysical pure and simple and metaphysical only, and minds that are not. In Robespierre and St. Louis we have examples of the mere metaphysical mind. Those that are not metaphysical are more or less fatalistical. The minds that work out the most for the amelioration of mankind are the minds that are not only metaphysical, but also reflective of their antithesis. In Charlemagne and St. Augustin we have the greatest examples of this sort of mind, while in HOBART it is duplicated in essence, though perhaps not in totality. It is such a mind that makes man the ardent believer in the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, as the gentleman from Pennsylvania and the gentleman from New York, the leader of the majority, represent Mr. HOBART to have been.

In his religious inclinations and political enthusiasm he must have been somewhat akin to Cardinal de Berulle. Students of French history will remember that when La Rochelle, under Louis XIII, resisted Richelieu so handsomely, Richelieu became frightened and wanted to effect a treaty. Cardinal de Berulle persuaded Richelieu to deviate from this course on account of a certain something, he knew not what, which he called "trust in

God." Richelieu, a strong-minded man, made fun of him and insolently asked De Berulle when God was to keep his promise. De Berulle replied with magnificent simplicity, "I am without enlightenment, but not without thoughts, and, since you command, I will tell them to you. I count on La Rochelle as I counted on the Island of Rhe. I expect success, not from the siege, nor from the assault, nor from the blockade, but from some prompt and unexpected effort." And so with HOBART: if he thought his cause was right, he was ready to fight—to fight calmly, easily, diplomatically, so as to make little bluster and but few enemies, but confident that he must win, because he thought he had right with him and because he believed that right would somehow win, even if it had to be helped from above by "a prompt and unexpected effort."

The political career of GARRET A. HOBART affords an interesting comparison between the politics of to day and the politics of years ago. Caesar Borgia was a giver of battles with poison. Bonaparte was a giver of battles with cannon. HOBART was a giver of battles with diplomacy, sagacity, and parliamentary etiquette, and so typifies the methods of the present as against the methods of the past, as found in Borgia and Napoleon in the olden days, when they were wont to destroy men so as not to destroy nations by allowing them to hurl themselves one against another. In those days personalities occupied the whole space of the political arena, masses none. In our day the masses are the unit of the political battle, personalities simply the kindling wood of a little enthusiasm. Battles took place then between prince and prince. A mere ordinary man was an obstacle, and was treated as such. That was called politics, and, bad as it was, for those who love humanity it was better than war. Politics then was a game between elevated heads; now it is a contest between millionaire, lawyer, laborer, and men in general, in which GARRET A. HOBART has proved that in the United States of America the son of a poor farmer can, by his own merit and his own ability, become a Caesar of the purest type and a Napoleon in both finance and politics of the greatest influence. The lives of Caesar Borgia and Napoleon show that murder and force were the instruments of success in the politics of olden days. The life of HOBART gives proof that the political triumphs of to-day are the victories of intellectual supremacy—not perhaps of one man, but of some party, some principle, as represented by supporters and champions.

GARRET A. HOBART is no more. In the councils of his party there is a vacant chair; in the halls of our National Legislature there reigns an air of mourning; in the business circles of the country there are being written resolutions of respect and memorials of condolence; but for all this sorrow there is consolation in the fact that while he lived he was a power among men; consolation in the knowledge that in honor of his memory the hand of History will write upon her everlasting tablets and beneath the name of GARRET A. HOBART:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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